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Products of Idle Hours

By

Joseph B. Strauss

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Joseph B. Strauss

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These

By-Products of Idle Hours

during an otherwise busy life
are not intended as a
contribution to literature
but are
merely gathered together
for those of the author's friends
who might consider
them a personal souvenir.

Dedicated

to the

Memory of My Father

Raphael Strauss

Artist and Scholar

by

J. B. Strauss, C. E.,

Chicago, Ill.

1921

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A FAREWELL TRIBUTE

Sensations strange do fill the heart
And doubts and fears unbidden start;
Our heaving bosoms thrill;
What can this dull oppression be?
Alas, it is too clear to me,
The Fates—they augur ill.

For they decree, the best of friends
Life now relentless from us sends,
To far off Western shore;
A friend, than whom none truer is,
Such thoughtful, kindly care as his,
We ne'er can hope for more.

Well may we grieve to 'ose our guide.
Our counselor and help beside.
For these and more thou be;
How hard to part, to cut the bands,
So strongly drawn by thine own hands,
Between thy charge and thee.

'Tis true, thou wert sometimes severe,
Thy thunder oft inspired with fear
The hapless youth at bay;
When through his muddled brain no light
Could penetrate Eygptian night,
And he was told to "stay."

Or when thou laidst on us the yoke,
That took away the right to stoke
The feeble fires of lore;
Or flattered us upon our wit
Whose flame, thou saidst, our faces lit
And testimony bore?

But since such incidents hold rule
In each well-regulated school,
All this we will forget;
Unlocking now another door
And take from an abundant store
The brighter gems there set.

Thus we shall find, thou wert the key,
To ope the gates that left us free
To walk in Learning's bower;
Where mathematic symmetry,
And astronomic mystery,
Detained us by the hour.

We find thee too as one who taught
Why Learning must be fairly bought,
How knowledge mankind sways;
As one who knew that boys are boys,
And saw midst all our tricks and toys
The man of future days.

Therefore, I say with my adieu,
May kindly Heaven bléss thee anew
And grant deserved Success;
May Fortune smile on thee indeed,
And may to thee this be decreed:
Long life and happiness.

And I would say this too, at last,
That when thy lot with those is cast
There at the Golden Gate,
That thou look back across the land,
And think of those last from thy hand:
The Class of Eighty-Eight.

Cincinnati
1888

Delivered at Dinner
to
Professor Jacob H. Bromwell
on behalf of the
'88 Astronomy Class
Hughes High School

BEFORE THE DAWN

Before the dawn I sudden wake,
And in the gloom lie still;
Lest I perchance should wanton break
A calm that saints might will.

Lest I should turn in hasty flight,
The thoughts that come to mind,
Like bounding waves of welcome light
To eyes that have been blind

The half-formed plans of busy day
The problems left undone;
The doubts that undisturbed held sway,
The questions oft begun;

Appear again before me now,
All pliant to my will,
As to the keenly sharpened plow,
The hardened earth we till.

Then follow daring dreams of pride,
Tumultuous hopes of youth;
The future opens fast and wide,
The past is past in truth.

I see the goals well won and held;
Success become my own;
Fame by my name and deeds excelled,
My toil to genius grown,

The minds of men I mold and move,
I do what mankind would:
Out from the deep'ning time-worn groove,
I lift the world to good.

The light of morning softly breaks,
Yet I, entranced, lie still;
For ev'ry hope me now forsakes,
And heart and pride as well.

Undone by timid, first-born ray,
My humble, hopeless sphere;
Far fade my cherished goals away
And leave me longing here.

Cincinnati
January, 1890

REVERIE

In village belfry, slow, successive, swings
The iron tongue to twelve; while sweeter rings
Accomp'niment from nearer neighbored tower,
Of chimes heraldic of the midnight hour.
Save these, a sacred silence binds the earth;
The sounds of daily sorrow, those of mirth,
Are hushed; the tired folk are fast in bed,
And grateful slumber soothes each weary head;
I only wake, in quiet deep
I dream, but not the dreams of sleep.

I feel how softly there about me breathes
The lightest zephyr, that scarce stirs the trees
Whose shadows weirdly fall upon the graves
They silent guard; from far come gentle waves
Of sweet perfume and faint repeated sound
Of ans'ring bay from restless hound to hound;
While crickets' chirp from moss-concealed abodes
Assails the stillness of the lonely country roads,
Which outward now, then inward wind,
And go from me to all Mankind.

The moon, companion to nocturnal thought,
Pours out her light of mirrored sunbeams wrought,
Maternal spreads her robes of mellow white
Far over lowland plain and rugged height;
Dims. by her nearer splendor, yonder host,
Whose multicolored orbs do seem almost
Like flick'ring beacon lamps, that silent burn
On distant shores, round which they bend and turn
In straggling lines of warning light,
That flash their signals through the night.

Among those myriad millions hung in space,
Finds, too, this tiny world of ours a place;
From it, tonight, how small a part I see
Of its known stellar fellowship; to me
They bring the consciousness of those unknown,
Whose light our skies can never hope to own;
Whose course is laid where eye nor mind can reach;
Where trains of regal courtiers follow each,
In systems vast, with centers yet
Far deeper in creation set.

Might not, on satellite of yon bright star,
Whose light of past years shows but now afar;
Or on that ruddy globe, by first cause spun
Nearest to us of all swayed by the sun,
Strange forms of life thick people hill and dale;
Bound round, as we, by that mysterious veil
That hides from flesh the truth; and, as we still
The rugged planetary surface till,
Or seek in rock, long buried there,
The same hope that a Darwin dare?

Or do alone in all this rule we live;
With those grand spectacles the star-spheres give,
Beheld by none beside; we only formed
Exceptional, and with a mind adorned
Them to enjoy; inanimate the rest,
But for one force, whose presence all attest
In universal motion; trembling we,
Left in a loneliness like this, where be
But the Creator and the man,
And nothing more since time began?

Will yon far worlds to me the answer tell?
Else I shall force their secret, break the spell
Of silence, kept so stubborn and so stout,
Despite the searchers all their realms about;
Yet how can I approach infinity?
Can finite realize divinity?
In vain attempt and never-ending search
He battles on in school, in state, in church
To learn at length, that mortal's range
Its narrow limits ne'er can change.

Aye, different from attempted flight, mind's course;
Earth brooks not, from herself, the soul's divorce
Except in death; from high presumptive quest
Of purpose in the cosmos manifest,
She brings us down, in her broad lap to find
Enough of mystery to puzzle mind;
In polar climes, or else in tropic zone;
In heaving crust, whose changes part are shown
In broken record, still unread,
Though countless centuries are fled.

Around us ceaseless, changeless, endless roll
The mighty agencies beyond control
Of things material; vain, still, the hope
To understand them or intent and scope
Of humbler nature; lo, not yet have ceased,
Of fauna and of flora, e'en the least
Us to astound; our limits to out-climb,
Or fearful death to grow less feared with time,
Or life, with fewer doubts, to gloom
Our fretted passage to the tomb.

What awesome rule o'er mankind's path extends,
How to our boasts it quick confusion sends!
Denies the final of the ages won;
Time omens of man's evolution done,
Humanity extinct or sunk below
The organisms after years may grow;
To whose new light our triumphs will be brought,
But not, as fondly cherished by our thought,
Successful claimants of the crown
Destined for future's last renown.

Can, till this restless planet grow inert,
And giant strength its shrinking mass exert
No more, the climax of its living forms
Obtain? Do gradual change and tempest storms
And throbbing sea, on plastic land now trace
Transition to succeeding age and race?
Can sage ascribe the beating world's loud groan,
The fiercer strife, each for his envied own,
To struggle of a waning type;
To era almost over-ripe?

Poor tortured man, whom hard, relentless fate
Impels to ceaseless war; uneasy wait
You for each dawn to bring its train of good,
From which must come your share, your livelihood;
Unhappy roused, each morn to meet the day,
To face the foe in silent, grim array.
To battle wealth and poverty; at length
To yield to master minds, whose larger strength
Absorbs the vital share of wealth,
Vain sought by feebler brain and health.

See then, a reason for each varied phase,
That yonder vale presents to wand'ring gaze;
The cottage low, on which the light scarce falls;
The nearby terraced mansion walls;
The over-rich amidst most hopeless want;
The shrines which beauty, grace and fashion haunt,
The dingy room where but the hapless reign,
Where scenes of joy make way for those of shame;
The intermingled good and bad,
The bright and dark, the gay and sad.

Note, too, where plenty lavish store displays,
Where wealth the progress of the lowly stays,
And there, where indigence half-hidden lurks,
Our social state its own destruction works;
Compelling all, decrepit, adult, youth,
To live opposed to ways of happy truth;
To win their bread in life of fev'rish gain;
To bear full weight of sorrow and of pain;
To sell, for meager grant of gold,
The peace a lifetime can enfold.

The novice, who with hesitating heart,
Begins, unknown, his triumph in the mart;
Successful leader, who in dotage feels
His curbed humanity revive and steals
A few late years for good; the humbler mean,
To whom the end of drudgery's unseen;
The self-taught lad, whose steps find vaunted goal;
The student, whom scholastic arts control;
Unequal toil, but equal bear
For every joy, a double care.

Through storm-rocked souls unchecked misfortunes plow,
And leave their furrows on the wrinkled brow;
From thousand avenues, alluring sin
On opulence and penury creeps in;
Cloaked in a thousand mantles, subtle crime
Accomp'nies men in eager, rapid climb,
To elevations of their highest fame,
Or down the darker roads the fallen claim
Now leads by folly, now by hate,
By love, or wants inordinate.

And wilful leads for want of better guide,
While evolution follows by its side
In devious path, that back and forward trails,
And wilder grows, while all its comfort fails;
Where mankind creeps, forgetting to look back,
And plan its progress from the traveled track;
But, stubborn, holds the tortous way ordained;
Thinks wrong and poverty fore'er contained
In all of life; makes pain a creed,
And accepts sorrow as a need.

Drawn half the social misery and grime
From institutions hoary most with time;
By them men fast succeeding tyrants rear
To warp the right and force the burning tear;
By them create the idler and the slave,
And wanton waste of what the needy crave;
Through them pour out their gold in well-filled hands,
And drive the thousands to the pauper bands;
With them the sight of eager eyes
Destroy, and progress make with sighs.

But as the patient tossing in disease
Feels sharpest pain precede a spell of ease;
And as the soldier sees, through battle smoke,
The cause most dark before the master stroke;
So sweating mortal, toiling under lash,
E'en now hears mutt'rings of impending crash;
Whose advent brings the juster social state,
Where higher laws will mortals dominate,
And aims industrial of today
Will sink to lesser, feebler play.

Aye, high ideals do still far higher bring;
And late crops oft in greatest plenty spring;
The blackest coal holds richest store of light;
And half-grown earth (whose chief, whose saddest blight
Is from its own weak offspring, that neglect
Its laws immutable, and blind elect
To legislate against its truth), is mine
Of wondrous treasures full, whose glories shine
But dimly now, yet do presage
For coming man a happier age.

In peace then sleep, poor troubled vale, and dream
Not of my visions dark; away they stream,
While blessings shine on ev'ry hand; proclaim
All safe the charm of home, and love's bright flame
That burns for all, and sympathy and song,
And mind's grand play, so great and strong;
Before advancing steps of glorious dawn,
The mist, distorter of my sight, is gone,
And life shows bright'ning through the cloud
A halo now, before, a shroud.

Cincinnati, 1892

Class Poem—Class of 1892
University of Cincinnati

A NIGHT IN MICHIGAN

The twilight fades away in deepening gloom,
The chorus of the night sweet song resume;
No sense of loneliness annoys;
The lighted lamp through lifted window shines;
The toiler his now irksome task resigns,
And hurries home to evening joys.

The moonlight creeps across the sleeping bay,
And through the fruiting forests finds its way,
And o'er the hills on distant shore;
Transformed, the world beneath the soft, white gleam,
The wooded vales like silvered dreamland seem,
The hills, like castle-keeps of yore.

On ship becalmed, 'neath idle sails all set,
That shifting shadows on the deck beget,
The sailors careless, resting, lie;
And sweetly blended, dreamily in song,
Their voices float the waters still along,
And on the shore in echoes die.

Back from the beach shine hundred twinkling lights;
Out from beneath the trees that crown the heights,
Where from half hidden festal hall,
Come swinging, stirring, captivating strains
Of merry waltz, that down the darkened lanes
In soft and mellow accents fall.

E'en as I speak, belated ship before abortive breeze
Sails on; the dancers seek their needed ease,
And all is still; creation feels
The sacred majesty of night; regretfully depart
The life and passion of the world, and o'er the heart
The calm and peace of Nature steals.

Omena, Mich.
Oct. 26, 1892

ALBUM AUTOGRAPH

The album rhymster is a scourge;
Yet when fair ladies press and urge
    Prosaic men to vent regards in verse,
Then they to rhyme heroic bend
To testify they be your friend;
    And I, like they, have done the same, or worse.

Philadelphia
1893

A CHRISTMAS GREETING

Accompanying the Joint Gift of a Lamp to our Landlady

In this we put our Christmas Greeting;
And trust in time, and by entreating,
That it may win in your regard;
We know full well its value's light,
But counted here that bright was right;
So thought it worthy of its ward.

On this, and coming Christmas days,
We trust that 'neath its genial rays,
All happy you may meet;
With us in memory you will be,
Beneath the lamp as Christmas tree,
With blessings at your feet.

Trenton, N. J.
1893

THE FOREST SONGSTER

Like sirens' song of ancient days
That lured the passing from their ways
By music more than half divine;
So too those glorious notes of thine,
O forest songster, swell and roll
And sweep entranced, enraptured soul
Into thy fairy woodland home,
God's great green temple, all thine own.

Chicago
December
1905

CHICAGO

Chicago the peerless, the wonder of earth,
Arrayed in the splendor that crowned her rebirth:
The Queen of the Inland, with realm spreading wide,
From Lakes to the Gulfland, to far mountain side;
Imperial she reigns o'er her rich dowered lands
That ceaseless their tribute pour into her hands;
Unbounded the treasure that floats to her shores,
That streams through the highways stretched out
from her doors;
A kingdom of plenty, great, glorious and fair,
Her crest the rare badge only world-leaders wear;
Chicago the regal, the magical grown,
Chicago triumphant, America's own.

Dedicated to the
City of Chicago

Chicago
1912

AS THE TROOPS PASS

When I hear the tense surging to battle,
And the swift preparation for war,
And the bright-flashing musketry rattle
In the uniformed ranks reaching far;

Then my heart, leaping wild in its beating,
Gives its answer to drum tap without;
While the blood in my veins swift is heating
In the fire of passion about.

Now I turn from this scene to another,
Framed in memory time overgrown,
The death watch of the Volunteer's Mother,
In the war-border hamlet back home.

All alone through the killing and fighting,
And with no one to comfort or save,
She lived on through the ruin and blighting,
But to pray for the son that she gave.

And each day when the skies were still darkened,
She returned to her lodge in the street,
And there silently waited and harkened
For the tramp of the homecomer's feet.

And when all the battles had ended,
And crushed peace reasserted her sway,
When the blood and the treasure expended
Had ordained that the Union should stay;

When the sorrow and suffering were waning,
And the world once again smiled in joy,
Still she stood at her post uncomplaining,
And in silence awaited her boy.

And so year after year she stood waiting,
As the city's full torrents swept on;
Each long year after year consecrating
Her lone life to the life that was gone.

And at last when grim fate had relented,
And pronounced her long vigil complete,
There they found her still waiting, contented,
In the calmness of death on the street.

And so when all the Nation is throbbing
At grave menace, or insult or raid,
I think back to her soul and its robbing
To help pay the dread debt that was paid.

And I think of the ties that were shattered,
Of the waifs, of the helpless, the old;
Of the homes that were broken and scattered,
Like was this in the tale I have told.

But I turn to the flag silent waving,
And remember the price that they gave
To maintain it unsullied and saving,
The great glorified badge of the brave.

Then forget I the horror attending
Whene'er peace flees the land it has blessed,
And see man with his wars ever-ending
Greater evils naught else had suppressed.

And I join in the call of the Nation,
That the Nation assert its vast might,
In defense, for the good of creation,
Of the standards that ever serve Right.

So I thrill as the ranks pass me swinging
With our honor, our all in their care,
And I hear the sharp bugle notes ringing
With a reverent heart and a prayer.

Chicago
1916

Founded on a True Story
of the Civil War

OUR ANSWER

The Nations call; their millions call;
From World aflame a terror call;
Out o'er the seething, blood-drenched coasts,
Out o'er the silent war-slain hosts,
Out o'er the grandeur ground to dust
And ghastly wake of power lust;
Out o'er the oceans' lanes of death,
Marked by the reeking poison breath
Of maddened king, goes forth a call,
Straight to the hearts of freemen all.

Our answer; lo, with magic wand
Columbia's fighting Liberty Bond;
Our answer; all our heart and hand
And every resource of the land;
Our answer; ominous thunder tramp
Of mighty hosts in field and camp,
That sweeping swift across the globe
Shall strip from fiend his royal robe,
Drag down his blood-flags wide unfurled,
And for all ages free the world.

Chicago
June 1, 1918

GERMANY, THY HOUR HAS STRUCK!

Germany, thy hour has struck!
North and South and East and West!
Death is clawing at thy breast;
In the Balkans, Bulgar breaks;
In the Eastland Russia wakes;
On the dripping fields of France
Shattered lies thy battle lance;
On the plains of Nazareth
Heaped lie thy minions, cold in death;
Backward go thy murder bands,
Forward to thy cowering lands
Ceaseless surge the hosts of Right;
Doomed thy terror reign of Might;
Doomed thy emperor and thy courts;
Doomed thy temples and thy forts;
North and South and East and West
Death is clawing at thy breast;
Germany, thy hour has struck!

Chicago
September
1918

THE FIGHTING YANK

Who stayed the Prussian Eagle's flight?
Who broke the German armies' might?
Who met the death horde as it came,
In poison cloud, with sheet of flame?
Who changed to flight its swift advance?
Who hurled it back from bleeding France?
And who stands guard upon Rhine bank
While all Earth rests?—The Fighting Yank!

Who cut the ring of German steel,
And battered through at St. Mihiel?
Who stormed the forest of Argonne,
And decimated battled on?
Who sent reply that halt command
His men would never understand,
Then plunging on with gaping rank
Brought fiend to bay?—The Fighting Yank!

They're heroes all, who faced that hell,
Who by the millions fought and fell;
The fearless, splendid, Great Poilu,
The Briton, Anzac, Cannuck, too,
Italian, Serb, and Belgium's son,
All glorious in the Great Deed done;
But none like him whose saber clank
Set free the world—The Fighting Yank!

Chicago
January 6
1919

Dedicated to "Reilly's Bucks"

TO MY MOTHER

Here we have brought you, Mother,
Where follow one by one;
Here where the low mounds cover
The hosts whose travail's done.

Here where the zephyrs sighing
Steal gently o'er your bed;
Here where the songsters flying
Chant softly o'er your head.

Here where your quiet sleeping
Is sleep that knows no dreams;
Here in the Court of Weeping,
Where Earth her own redeems.

Here where your mate has bided
From weary year to year;
Here where the roads divided
Part us, we leave you, dear.

But oh! the pain of leaving
All that we loved to share,
Our common joys and grieving
Here we renounce fore'er.

Chicago
January 27
1919

Dedicated to the Memory of
My Beloved Mother
Who Died January 10, 1919

THEY ASK YOUR GIVING

They ask your giving, those that bled,
Our Martyred Living and our Dead!
They ask for those who peaceful sleep
On slopes they stormed to win and keep;
They ask in name of the Marine
And Chateau Thierry's gory scene;
They ask for those that gave their all
That conquering enemy might fall;
They ask for those who guarding stand
In grim array on foeman's land;
They ask for blind and maimed and rent,
The naked, starving and the spent;
They ask in name of God and Right,
In name of World redeemed from blight;
In name of World rebuilt, restored,
Its peoples, Nations in accord;
What greater duty than we give
The loan they ask that Peace shall live.

Dedicated to
The Victory Liberty Loan

Chicago
April 21, 1919

THE ENGINEER

In this age of transition a giant appears
An old force that's grown mighty, the World's Engineers.
Upon them falls the work that advances mankind
And their duty, our comfort and safety to find.
Throughout the Earth's progress, through all the years gone
'Tis the Engineer's torch gave the light that led on.

When nations reached out to new shores all unknown
When they cut through the Tropics or sought Arctic Zone,
When they crossed o'er the desert or circled the Horn,
Through all dangers and sorrows, in sunshine and storm
In the battle with Nature's wild moods everywhere
'Twas the Engineer's standard they found flying there.

When the war clouds low-hung at last broke o'er the world
And the legions of death their black war flags unfurled
'Twas the Engineers' Corps that was first in the field,
And the Engineers first forced invader to yield;
Where are bold enough fighters who'd claim to be peers
Of the bridge-building brigade, our own Engineers.

And then back of the lines, all those others that fought,
Silent groping to find the great help the world sought;
They released hidden force, gave command of the air,
And they conquered the brute in his submarine lair;
Every gun they kept hot, while our Allies they fed,
And across fearsome seas safe our armies they sped.

And so all that we have and so all that we hold
And most all the world's story which we must leave untold
Our contentment in peace, our protection from strife,
Our best hopes for the future of civilized life,
Our true glories, our triumphs, our wealth, all that cheers,
Are the debts that we owe to the World's Engineers.

Dedicated to the
Western Society of Engineers Fiftieth
Anniversary Membership
Campaign

Chicago
October 8
1919

LO! I AM TRUTH

Lo! I am Truth—you know me not,
By my own will you were begot,
And from my own your soul is cast;
All that you have from my hands passed;
Beware how you that gift employ,
For what Truth made she can destroy.

I reign o'er all, Earth, Church and State;
Not creeds or tenets rule your fate;
Your struggles, terrors, hates and fears,
Avail you naught, nor prayers, nor tears;
I, Truth alone, forget it not,
Have power to save what I begot.

Aye then, rage not o'er wounded pride;
Nor, vengeful, Mercy thrust aside;
If wrongs you meet by other wrongs,
Or Faith you crush by lash and thongs,
Beware, lest Truth condone it not,
Lest Truth undo what she begot.

Should egotism grasp the reigns,
And drive the right from human brains;
Should cold ambition take command
And you who rule dare stake you land;
Beware, that you forget me not,
Truth can blot out what she begot.

When rights of others you abuse,
When Leaders honor path refuse,
When Labor seeks to cloud its way,
And slighting work, force treble pay;
Beware, lest truth forgive it not,
Lest Truth should crush what she begot.

If class seeks vantage over class,
While thousands suffer till feuds pass;
And strikes become like bandits' deed
The vicious blow of brigand creed;
Beware, that you forget it not,
That Truth may break what she begot.

Do Wealth or Power fail to give,
To those they rule fair right to live:
When law and decency and right
Are cast aside by brutal might;
Beware, beware, forget me not,
For Truth may end what she begot.

If mortals fail to make of Earth
A home for all; when greed takes birth,
And men conceive the world their own
And leave all else a prayer or groan;
Beware of Truth—forget her not
Lest Truth cut down what she begot.

So hark to Truth—forget her not
In love and peace you were begot;
So shall you live as God's like should
By Golden Rule, for common good
Else hear to Truth, live you shall not,
Truth shall destroy what she begot.

Chicago
October 12,
1919

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS TO RICHARD

Unto Richard, my Richard, keen, sturdy and neat
From the top of his head to the soles of his feet,
I indite these few lines to distinguish this day
By a message of love which has this it would say:
That today you are twelve and fast growing apace,
While the World sits and waits, as she smiles in your face,
Till you reach the proud hour when out rings the command,
That assigns you your place in the ranks of the land.

And hark, Richard, my Richard, to do your part well
You'll remember, my boy, there's a magical spell
In the smile that lies ready to flash from the eye,
In a warm sunny heart, in the courage to try;
Though the World may be harsh, be you helpful and kind,
Be steadfast of soul and straightcut of mind;
Let this be the sole goal for which ever you play
And you always shall have—A very Happy Birthday.

Affectionately Dedicated to
Richard K. Strauss
on the Occasion of His Twelfth
Birthday by his Daddy

Chicago
October 13, 1919

TORONTO

Blow, let herald bugle blow,
Loud and long for Toronto;
Let their swelling notes proclaim,
Princess of the North Domain!
Glorious in her growing might,
Splendid in her winning fight,
For the wealth now at her feet;
For her speeding merchant fleet;
For the workshops at her doors;
Smiling gardens on her shores;
Hers a tale of great deeds done,
Courage, progress, hard goals won;
Magic City of the Don,
Ever may thy light lead on;
And fore'er may bugles blow
In thy name, Great Toronto!

Chicago
December
1919

Dedicated to the
City of Toronto

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

To thee this Christmas Day
These greetings we submit;
By we, I mean to say
All three of us, to wit:
The boys and I, whose wish
To give a useful gift
Took form in this, a dish;
Pray, as you guarded lift
It from its Christmas case,
We beg of you to see
Within its shining face,
This message meant for thee

We love thee when you're cross
We love thee when you're gay
We love thee when storms toss
Our little bark; and yea,
We love thee for that smile,
Deep in thy blue-gray eye,
We love thee all the while
Thy voice breaks in a sigh.
So let this trifle be
What we have said above
Upon the Christmas tree,
A token of our love.

Dedicated to Mother by
Daddy, Ralph and
Richard

Chicago
December 25, 1919

IN MEMORIAM

I am Memorial of their name,
That sleep on fields of deathless fame;
The rounded pillar of my form
Will stand through time and stand through storm,
A beacon shaft of gleaming white;
Lift high its head into the light,
And through the ages and fore'er,
To those that died, mute tribute bear.

Chicago
May 31, 1920

Dedicated to the
First Division Memorial
to be Erected in Arlington Cemetery
Washington, D. C.

CALIFORNIA

California, land of wonders;
Land where the Pacific thunders,
Where white Shasta seeks the skies,
Home of mighty Thamalpais;
Land of fabled treasure-trove,
Fragrant sunkist orange grove;
Giant sequoias' lifted heads,
Miles of golden poppy-beds;
Land of the Yosemite,
Cuirassed palm and olive tree;
Land where summer zephyrs blow,
'Neath the winter peaks of snow;
Land of orange-blossom scent,
Garden of the Continent;
There, where the Pacific thunders,
California, land of wonders.

Los Angeles
April 15, 1920

THE ISSUES

The issues, aye, what may they be?
Come, citizens, your answer give;
What may they be for you and me,
And this great realm wherein we live?

Shall old ideals be cast aside,
And all the future left a prey,
To rule conceived in headstrong pride,
That adds new burdens day by day?

Shall those who bred the profiteer,
In capital and labor clan,
Continue in their mad career,
While spread the wrongs that they began?

Shall egotists with iron will,
And zealots drunk with State control,
Dictate the sphere all else shall fill
And make their wish the Nation's goal?

How long shall thrive the clash of class,
And waste and brazen boast and dream?
How long before false Gods shall pass
And honor code restored, redeem?

Have we shirked aught that helped mankind?
Our aid the whole world still commands,
But who would dare forever bind,
His country's flag to foreign lands?

These are the issues, mark them well,
All ye who love your Country best;
Shall Democrat in power dwell,
And Nation ever be oppressed,

With systemless and hopeless reign,
That year by year has bolder grown?
Or shall our foothold we regain,
And soulless partisans dethrone?

Dedicated to the Republican Party
Campaign of 1920

Chicago
June, 1920

REPUBLIC AND REPUBLICAN

Republic and Republican,
Shall they together lead?
Our Country and Our Countryman,
Is their cause ours to plead?

One hundred million thunder, yes,
And pledge their hearts, their all,
To end a Nation's great distress
And peace and calm recall.

In swelling ranks the Legions wait;
Their leader sits his steed;
His Reveille, the call of Fate,
His spur, the Nation's need.

A Leader come as Lincoln came,
With chivalry of soul,
To heal and bind the scars of flame,
To make us strong and whole.

His task to clear the festering nests
Where madmen undermine,
Replace the soul in human breasts,
Permit the light to shine.

The race for greed he shall destroy,
Install a saner school
That teaches simpler, cleaner joy,
And honors Golden Rule

Invincible, this savior host,
Resistless in its might;
In gathered clans from coast to coast,
Behold the League of Right.

And so while world props bend and sway,
The silent squadrons form,
To guard the birth of that new day,
When pass our stress and storm.

Mass then thy hosts, Republican;
Await the tense command;
Strike swift and hard, American,
Strike and redeem the land.

Dedicated to the Republican Party
Campaign of 1920

Chicago
June, 1920

WELCOME TO THE PORT CONVENTION

Ports of the Lakes and Coast
Chicago as your host
Extends her welcome;
Our pulsing, throbbing life,
Our splendor born of strife,
Await your coming.

Here have we gathered stores
From hundred distant shores
To spread before you;
Here 'neath our sunlit skies
Would we form mighty ties
To speed Earth's fullness.

Bide then our sister ports
Within our wide-flung courts
That speak their greeting;
Here, where the East meets West,
Here we would bid you rest
In Autumn glory.

Dedicated to
The Convention of the American
Association of Port Authorities

Chicago
September 30, 1920

HARDING, OUR NEW CHIEF

From million throats a welcome rings,
As flashing wire glad tiding brings,
    Of Harding, our new Chief;
He lovingly shall lead us now
Back to the desk, the shop, the plow,
    To Peace and world relief.

Aye, our own heart beats in his breast,
He stands for that which we love best,
    For all that we hold dear;
America, thou shalt endure,
Thy heritage is made secure,
    Thy way is straight and clear!

Let flags unfurl and cannon boom
And glad bells ring; gone is the gloom
    That hid the radiant sun;
The Nation's hosts have chosen well,
Rejoicing in the land doth dwell,
    Our new day is begun.

Written Election Eve
November 2, 1920
Chicago

GRAND CANYON

As I stand at thy brink, Grand Canyon,
And all thy beauty feel,
As I gaze in thy age-old caverns
And sense what they reveal;
As I rest 'neath thy mighty ramparts,
That seem like temple walls,
And seek where, in thy terraced gorges,
The Colorado crawls;

Then I still seem to see the Titans,
That in the long ago
Playful fashioned thy heights and chasms
And bid thy glory grow;
And I still seem to hear the tumult
That marked thy years of birth,
When they graved on thy rocks forever
The history of the Earth.

Oh, majestic in truth Niagara
And masterful her roar;
And as splendid the ocean's battling
Along the crouching shore;
And the beautiful coral islet,
Surf-circled, palmed and green,
And the white-mantled peak that towers
O'er verdant vales between.

Nor forget I the Mississippi
Nor wondrous Yellowstone,
Nor the fjords of the mystical Northland,
With grandeur all their own;
But the marvels of all together
Are commonplace to me,
When I stand at thy brink, Grand Canyon,
And dream thy dreams with thee.

For thine is the Kingdom of Silence,
Thy splendor is divine,
And thy glory and thrill are sacred,
God's majesty is thine;
In the shaft of the sunlight dancing,
Upon thy sculptured walls,
Is the spirit of the Almighty;
He dwells within thy halls.

Grand Canyon, Arizona
March, 1919

THE BOY SCOUT'S CREED

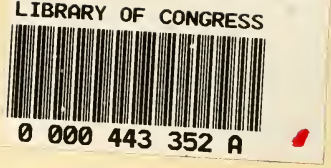
A Scout I am; this is my creed:
For every day a worthy deed;
And this my faith: the love of right
And truth and peace; the strength to fight
For those in need; the will to be
My brother's prop; his trust in me
To keep and mine in heart of man;
Than this there is no nobler plan.

A Scout I am; in every land
Beneath the sun my colors stand
For Honor's cause; my hands are bound
With million hands the world around
To service that bespeaks the strong,
To do the things that conquer wrong,
And did we search until Time's end,
No braver task could Fortune send.

A Scout I am; and proud am I,
As troop on troop goes marching by
To march with them; to feel the thrill
Of comradeship and stanch good will;
To know what message to the world
We bring, where'er our flag's unfurled,
To know that all the Earth throughout
None rank superior to the Scout.

Dedicated to the
Boy Scouts

Chicago
Jan. 19, 1921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I WHISPER TO THE WORLD, GOOD-BYE

Low burns the flame on sputt'ring wick,
The road grows rough, the gloom is thick;
Fast ebbs the strength of driving will,
And hope and courage faster still;
The forward press of eager feet
Transforms to slow and dull retreat;
The happy call of daily task
No longer thrills, nay, all I ask
Is peace, oblivion and sleep;
And so, as stealthy shadows creep
Across the sunset evening sky,
I whisper to the world, Good-bye.

Now pass from me the surging throng,
And die away their sobs and song;
Now fade the fruiting fields in flower,
And all the glories of Earth's dower;
Now vanish treasured hopes and dreams,
My labored plans, my studied themes;
I leave the waiting tasks undone,
Ambitious efforts just begun;
The gift of life, still sweet and fair
And ties of love, all pass fore'er;
And so, as night veils evening sky,
I whisper to the world, Good-bye

Chicago
November
1920

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